

TERMS—Two INDIANAS A year, but if paid directly in Cash and in advance over One Year AND FIFTY CENTS will be accepted. No subscription can be rendered unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrangements are paid.

Any subscribers inserted at the usual rates, have reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOHN HYDE'S CARD OF SUBSCRIPTION—from the smallest labeled card to the largest bill or poster—done with dispatch, in a wooden frame manner, and at the lowest living rates.

Offices on Baltimore street, a few doors above the Court-house, on the opposite side.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. L. Kendlehart,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lately practicing in Philadelphia, has moved to Gettysburg and restored practice in the office of his former law-fellow, Mr. Staahl, on Baltimore street, opposite the Court-house. His office is recently occupied by Hon. S. M. McClellan, Esq., who has been admitted and carefully attended to. Jan. 20, 1897. ff.

W. C. Sheely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office in rooms over G. W. Spangler's Store.
Dec. 18, 1896. ff.

J. L. Butt,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Lately admitted to the bar, and now principally attending to Office on Baltimore street, next to the Columbia Building, second floor. J. A. Kitzmiller, Esq., second floor of Spring-
field Drug Store.

Wm. P. Quinn,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
(Formerly with J. L. Butt)
Office on Chamberlain Street, next to Bachelder's Drug Store.

Chas. E. Staahl,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Will promptly attend to all business, and
entertain to his care. Office in Compiler
Building. Mar. 13, 1897. ff.

Wm. McSherry, Jr.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
With scarcely any delay, will attend to
all business entrusted to him. Office opposite
the Court-house. Dec. 5, 1897. ff.

John Reed Scott,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office over A. M. Staahl's Columbia
Building, Baltimore St., All legal business
will receive prompt attention. Sept. 27, 1897. ff.

J. L. Williams,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on York street, next door to the
Court-house. June 5, 1897. ff.

Edward A. Weaver,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office over A. M. Staahl's Columbia
Building, Baltimore St., All legal business
entrusted to him. May 24, 1897. ff.

S. S. Steele,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on York street, next door to the
Court-house. June 15, 1897. ff.

80TH YEAR.

ECZEMA

Most Torturing, Distressing,
Humiliating

Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin
and scalp lesions is instantly relieved
by a warm bath with CUTICURA (oin-
ment), the great skin curc, and a full dose
of CUTICURA RESOLVENS, greatest of blood
purifiers and humorists.

A. T. STOHL & CO., GETTYSBURG, PA.

Offices in rooms over G. W. Spangler's Store.
Dec. 18, 1896. ff.

CUTICURA

Relieves speedily, permanently, and
completely, cure when all else fails.LITTLE DRUG CO., CHAS. STAHL, Pres., Boston,
Mass., New York, Philadelphia, etc.
Patented and Registered by
CUTICURA SOAPS.

SIMPLY FACES BY CUTICURA SOAPS.

WEDDING RINGS.

The Compiler.

Gottsyburg, Pa., Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1897.

The Compiler.

Gottsyburg, Pa., Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1897.

LITTLE THINGS.

IT WAS only a little thing for Neil
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the ten,
And wash the dishes in the sink—

A little thing for her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad

With a song of praise and prayer.

TWAS only a little thing to do
To wash the clothes, to scrub the floor—

To bring the wood from the shed,

But his father was glad to find at night

The chores were well done.

“I’m glad,” said he,

“As I can be.”

For the gift of such a son.”

Only small things but they brighten the life

Or shadow it with care;

But little things yet they mold a life

For joy and despair;

But little things like the love of life

Closes to him who loves,

And not abuses.

The power of little things.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
AND PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.COLONEL MCLELLAN'S BALLOON RIDE,
AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF IT.—
YORK SPRINGS OR PETERSBURG
AND OTHER TOWNS IN THE COUNTY.planted. The house looked smaller,
somehow, too. But I went up to the
front door and rang the bell. Mother
came to the door and said: “We don’t
wish to buy anything to-day, sir.”“It didn’t take me a minute to survey
her from head to foot. Neatly dressed,
John, but a patch and a darn here and
there, her hair streaked with grey, her
face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet
over her eyeglasses showed those good,
honest, benevolent-eyes. I stood staring
at her, and then she began to stare at
me. I saw the blood rush to her face,
and with a great sob she threw herself
upon me, and nervously clasped me
about the neck, hysterically crying: ‘It’s
Jimmy, it’s Jimmy!’“Then I cried, too, John. I just broke
down and cried like a baby. She got me
into the house, hugging and kissing me,
and then she went to the back door and
shouted, ‘George!’“Father called from the kitchen, ‘What
do you want, Carlie?’“Then he came in. He knew me in a
moment. He stuck out his hand and
grasped mine, and said sternly: ‘Well,
young man, do you propose to behave
yourself now?’“He tried to put on a brave front, but
he broke down. There we sat like
whipped school children, all whimpering.At last supper time came and mother
went out to prepare it. I went into the
kitchen with her.“‘Where do you live, Jimmy?’ she
asked.

“‘In New York,’ I replied.

“‘What are you workin’ at now, Jim-
my?’

“‘I’m workin’ in a dry goods store.’

“Then I suppose you don’t live very
high, for I hear tell of them city clerks
what don’t get enough money to keep
body and soul together. So I’ll just tell
you, Jimmy, we’ve got nothin’ but road
spareribes for supper. We ain’t got any
money now, Jimmy. We’re poorer nor
Job’s turkey.’“I told her I would be delighted with
the sparses, and to tell the truth, John,
I haven’t eaten a meal in New York that
was as good as those crisp roasted
spareribes did. I spent the evening play-
ing checkers with father, while mother
sat by telling me all about their misfor-
tunes, from old white mooley getting
drowned in the pond to father’s signing a
note for a friend and having to mort-
gage the place to pay it.“The mortgage was due inside of a
week, and not a cent to meet it with
just \$800. She supposed they would be
turned out of house and home, but in my
mind I supposed they wouldn’t. At last
six o’clock came and father said: ‘Jim,
go out to the barn and see if Kit is all
right.’They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”They sat down and the man told his
story: “How I came to visit my home
happened in a curious way. Six weeks
ago I went down to Erie Island fishing
I had a lunch put up for me, and you
can imagine my astonishment when I
opened the hamper to find a package of
cracked wrapped up in a piece of
paper, sent inside country weekly published
at my home in Wisconsin. I read every
word of it, advertisements and all.

They told me it was good to visit your boyhood

“You bet. Sit down. I was just think-
ing about the old folks, and feel talk-
ative. If you have a few moments to
spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen
to the story of a rich man who had al-
most forgotten his father and mother.”

